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## LIVED UP TO HER MOTTO

Indianapolis Woman Had Made a Rule and Intended to Let Nothing Stand in the Way.

She is one of Indianapolis' most successful business women—naturally, too, one of its best-natured ones. And her three small nephews idealize her quite as much as do her business associates. One afternoon she had promised them a party out in the country and a wiener and marshmallow toast by the fireplace of their old country home. But for two days it rained and on that afternoon it was raining, too. The three youngsters piled into her office, their faces all full of disappointment. But she smiled at them. "Get your waterproofs," she commanded.

"Why, are we going?" they asked in amazement.

"Why, of course," she mimicked their tone. "My car can get over worse roads than that."

They rushed away after their coats and the woman next her began to protest against her making this trip. "It's something that isn't necessary," she began.

"But it is something that is necessary," the other interrupted. "It's the recreation I'd planned and my recreation is as necessary as my work. It keeps up my morale. You know that a rain like this couldn't keep me away from my work—neither will I let it keep me away from my play. That's the motto I've adopted for life, and it's a very efficient one, too."—Indianapolis News.

## COWS KNEW THEIR MISTRESS

Woman Who Had Lost Pets Had No Trouble at all in Proving Ownership of Them.

A happy reunion took place at the union stockyards, Herr's Island, Pittsburgh, an exchange declares, late the other evening, when Mrs. P. J. Riley of Fox Chase road, O'Hara township, rescued her four stolen cows, awaiting their doom at the hands of the executioner.

During a heavy rainstorm the other afternoon the animals were stolen from the pasture and driven to the stockyards and sold. County detectives traced the cows, but among the hundreds of other "bossies" were unable to identify them. Mrs. Riley was sent for. As she stepped into the big pen a stampede among the animals for a time threatened serious consequences. When it had subsided, the detectives who were with Mrs. Riley were amazed to see four of the cows rushing toward the woman. Brushing their heads against her shoulder, the animals zoned and moaned soft expressions of relief. Overjoyed, Mrs. Riley grasped each around the neck in turn, stroking their glossy coats and petting them.

When their mistress left the big stock pen, the cows followed her as obediently as well-trained dogs, and when last seen were wending their way to their home on Fox Chase road with their mistress.

## Valuable New Metal.

A new invention, called conducting aluminum, which is said to be creating a profound impression, has been made by Dr. George Giulini, the most famous expert in the aluminum trade, states Consul Philip Holland, Basel, Switzerland, in a recent report. This new metal is produced by putting the ordinary aluminum through a special patented process, by which it acquires the same mechanical qualities and capacities as bronze, copper and brass without changing its specific weight. It is said that the price of the new metal can be kept within very low limits, so that, even at the pre-war prices of other metals, it will be able, by reason of its smaller specific weight, to compete with copper and brass very favorably. The fact that the new metal is a conductor will make it especially in demand in the electrical trade.

## Valuable Tool Chest.

War created many ingenious devices, developed in the time of stress to aid the fighting men on the battlefield, but capable of adaption to the needs of peaceful industrial armies. One of these is a mobile tool chest, described in Popular Mechanics Magazine. It resembles a field artillery caisson, in which are packed implements and supplies in great variety and quantity, and is recommended for building contractors, lumbermen, road builders and others who require a compact, easily moved tool carrier. Among the articles packed in the box are shovels, mattocks, mallets, sledge hammers, pickers, wrenches, extra handles for axes and picks, ropes, pulleys and wire, besides many others.

## Naughty Arthur.

David and Arthur shared a bed together, but did not get along well in doing so, for nearly every night there was some disturbance between them. "Well, what is the matter now?" mother called from the foot of the stairs one evening on hearing loud talking in their chamber.

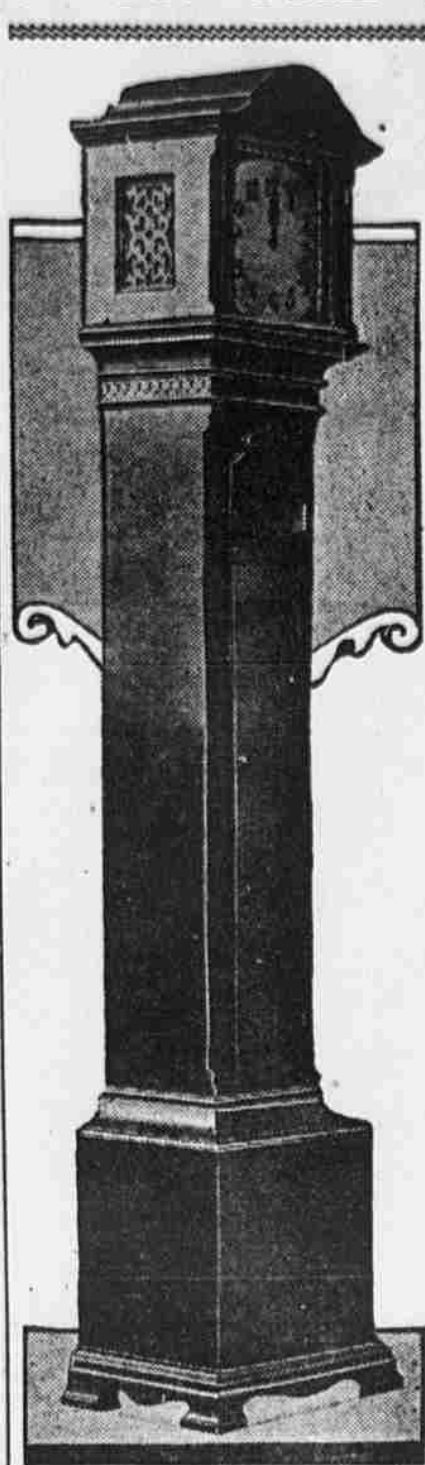
"A little voice floated down to her: 'I can't get into bed, 'cause Arthur's kicked around in it till he's all unmade it.'"

## Animated Conference.

"What's going on in the parlor?" asked the old friend who had come in the back way.

"Meeting of our own foreign relations committee," answered Mr. Cummings. "Mother and the girls are talking over the family affairs of my oldest daughter, who married one of those overseas schemers."

## UPON THE THRESHOLD



ONCE more we stand with half-reluctant feet Upon the threshold of another year; That line where Past and Present seem to meet In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

Look back a moment. Does the prospect please, Or does the weary heart but sigh regret? Can Recollection smile, or, ill at ease With what is past, wish only to forget?

Say, canst thou smile when Memory's lingering gaze Once more recalls the dying year to sight? Wouldst thou live o'er again those changing days, Or bid them fade forever into night?

A solemn question, and the faltering heart Scarce dare say "Yes," yet will not quite say "No"; For joy and sadness both have played their part In making up the tale of "long ago."

Here Memory sees the golden sunlight gleam Across the path of life and shine awhile; And now the picture changes like a dream, And sorrow dims the eyes and kills the smile.

So—it has gone—where all has gone before; The moaning wind has sung the dead year's dirge, Time's waves roll on against the crumbling shore, And sinks the worn-out bark beneath the surge.

Here ends the checkered page of prose and verse, Of shapely words and lines writ all awry, There they must stand for better or for worse; So shut the book and bid the year good-by!

## IS OLD FESTIVAL

New Year Celebrations and Observances Are of Most Obscure Origin.

EVER since some forgotten savage astrologer came to a rough conclusion regarding the length and nature of the division of time we call "a year," the passing of one twelve-month period and the coming of another has been the occasion for celebrations, prayers and the observance of countless strange customs. Every race, no matter how crude and inaccurate its method of calculation, has had a year of sorts and has made its passing an event in the life of the people.

The big dinners held in every hotel and many homes on New Year's eve are symbolic, though the diners hardly pause to wonder what is the reality behind the symbolism, recently observed a writer in the Boston Globe.

The ringing of the bells, the watch services in churches and houses, the gifts—are all relics of customs so old that there is, perhaps, no man who can say with certainty just how or why they came into existence.

## Probably Oldest Festival.

For the New Year's festival is as much older than the Christian holiday which precedes it as the inborn human instinct to worship something is older than the religion of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Christianity has merely adopted the New Year's festival.

The ancient Romans made of it a general holiday, with sacrifices to Janus of the Two-Faces, and gifts and visits. The gift custom seems to be universal and is observed to some extent today.

The old Persians had a custom which would have been much appreciated just now. They gave their friends eggs. Presumably, for the custom was widespread among all classes, the price of those was much lower in ancient Iran than in modern America.

In France the custom of New Year's gifts has survived longer than in any other European nation. The druids of Britain presented their friends with branches of sacred mistletoe.

## Frowned On at First.

The early Christian church rather frowned on New Year's observances, probably because of the ancient Roman rites connected with it and with the saturnalia which preceded it. Its first mention as a feast in Christian literature is in Canon 17 of a council which met in Tours in 567. Later it became a recognized festival in the Catholic and Episcopal churches.

In England and Scotland the festival has been observed to an extent equalled in few other countries. It was called "Hogmanay" in Scotland and was the great national holiday. It was formerly attended by a celebration which an old writer says "bears in the license and boisterous merriment a most unmistakable resemblance to its ancient pagan namesake. The epithet of the 'Daff' (mad) days applied to the season of the New Year indicates

very expressively the uproarious joviality which characterized the period in question."

## What Does Hogmanay Mean?

Just what the term "Hogmanay" means is uncertain. It is said to be a corruption of "Homo est ne" (a man is born) referring to the birth of Christ. More plausible theories are, first, that it is derived from the old Scandinavian word "Hoggu-nott" applied to the night before the Feast of Yule, and second, that it is from "An gni menez" (to the mistletoe go), referring to the druidical ceremony of gathering the plant.

One of the oldest, most picturesque and certainly the best known custom was the "Wassail. This phrase, which is supposed to come from the Saxon expression "to your health," is familiar to modern carol singers.

## Spiced Ale a Feature.

The head of the household, just before midnight, assembled his family around a bowl of spiced ale from which, as the clock struck 12, he drank the health of each. He then passed it to the rest, who drank in turn—not a custom which would recommend itself to the board of health during the influenza troubles.

A general handshaking followed the drinking of the toasts, after which all sang gravely:

Weel may we a' be,  
Ill may we never see,  
Here's to the king  
And the gude companie.

The whole family then started out well provided with ale, buns, bread and cheese to visit their neighbors. If they met another party on a similar errand they exchanged drinks from their ale keels. Reaching the house of a neighbor, they entered with shouted good wishes. If they were the first to enter since midnight they had the "first footing" and as such must give cakes or cheese and ale to every person in the visited house.

AND HE COULDN'T REACH HIM!



The Victim—What's that? The Kid—I just wished you a happy New Year!

And Keep it Up. Start the cheering up process for the new year.

## New Year Thoughts

EVERY first of January that we arrive at is an imaginary milestone on the turnpike track of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was last, must be either very good or very bad, indeed! And only to propose to be better is something; if nothing else it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the first step towards amendment. But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well, is in some sort to do well, positively, for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavors; he who is not worse today than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better, is worse.—Charles Lamb.

WE ARE on the threshold of a new year. We do not know what the year holds for us, but we are not afraid of it. We have learned to look for kindness and goodness in all our paths, and so we go forward with glad hope and expectation.

It is always a serious thing to live. We can pass through any year but once. If we have lived negligently we cannot return to amend what we have slurred over. We cannot correct mistakes, fill up spaces, erase lines we may be ashamed of, cut out

## NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

English Monarchs Practically Extorted "Offerings" From Their Subjects.

HENRY VI is probably the first English-speaking ruler to make capital out of New Year's gifts. During the reign of Elizabeth the custom rose to its greatest extravagance. The Virgin Queen, who apparently never lost an opportunity for extracting money from her subjects, practically ordered an astonishing collection of gorgeous presents of all kinds. The donors ranged from the highest officers of state down to the very street cleaners. Sums of money, costly ornaments, caskets studded with jewels, necklaces, bracelets, gowns, looking-glasses, fans and curiosities from the newly discovered continents of North and South America were among the presents.

## Jester's Greed Costly.

Another story of New Year's gifts concerns Archy Armstrong, a court jester of Charles I, which appears in "The Banquet of Jests," printed in 1634. Archy was given a few gold pieces by a certain nobleman from whom he expected a larger gift. He turned them over discontentedly in his hand, muttering that they were too light.

The nobleman, who would undoubtedly have made a success in modern business, remarked: "Prithce, then, Archy, let me see them again; and, by the way, there is one of them which I would be loath to part with." Archy, expecting a larger gift, returned them to the nobleman, who pocketed them, saying calmly: "I once gave money into the hands of a fool who had not the wit to keep it."

## New Year's Eve Masques.

Masques in which the youngsters took part were often given on New Year's eve. An old writer says of the performance: "For this purpose they don old shirts belonging to their fathers and mount mitre-shaped casques of brown paper. Attached to this is a sheet of the same paper which, falling down in front, covers the whole face except where holes are made to let through the point of the nose and afford sight to the eyes and breath to the mouth. Each is, like a knight of old, attended by a sort of humble squire, who assumes the habiliments of a girl with an old woman's cap and a broom stick and is styled 'Bessie'."

"Bessie goes before her principal, opens all the doors at which he pleases to exert singing powers and busies herself during the time of the song with sweeping the floor with her broomstick or in playing any other antic that she thinks may amuse the idlers. The common reward for this entertainment is a halfpenny, but many churlish persons fall upon the unfortunate gulsers (masqueraders) and beat them out of the house. Let such persons, however, keep a good watch upon their cabbage gardens

upon the coming Halloween's eve!"

There were also curious dramas which groups of masquers performed. They were generally given in the kitchens of the "great house," but often the family as well as the servants were present. Sir Walter Scott insisted on having a New Year's play in his home every year.

## Seeing the Old Year Out.

In some cities of this country it used to be the custom to fire off cannon and muskets. The ringing of bells is a result of the religious side of New Year's. After the midnight services were started the ringing of the church bells followed as a natural sequence and was intended to remind absent members of the congregation that the year was passing.

Many superstitions are connected with New Year's day in all lands. In Northamptonshire, England, the peasants believed that if a woman was the first person to enter the house on the first day of the year the whole twelve months would be unlucky. It was supposed to be unlucky to meet a lame or blind man, a monkey, a weasel or a cat.

## Odd Christening Custom.

In the north of England, if a child was christened on New Year's day a little boy was engaged to meet the baby as it was taken from his home, so as to avoid the possibility of meeting a woman first. The boy received a cake and cheese wrapped in paper, for his services.

And so when you hear the bells ring out this year, whether you hear them from your bed, a pew in some church, an easy chair by a smoldering fire or a chair at a restaurant table, don't think that what you are doing is anything new. You are watching a year die and hoping or praying for the year which is just born.

And back through the ages, through a thousand generations men and women have done the same and left some trace of themselves in some half-forgotten custom as you may do, quite unconsciously, when 1920 makes its bow to the world.

## HAD HER THERE.



"You made a New Year's resolution not to drink any more. 'I did.' 'But here you are drinking as much as ever.' 'Well, that isn't any more, is it?'"

## NEVER AGAIN

R. Ray Baker

"THAT settles it. Never again."

Hubert Blacklock jerked open a drawer of the decrepit, wobbly, wooden structure that served as his desk and took from it a packet of letters bound with a piece of string. He ran them over casually, somewhat absently, with a thumb, and gazed abstractedly through a small space in the windowpane that had, through some neglect, escaped the coat of grease with which the remainder of the glass was burdened.

A forest of white met his eyes—a pretty picture from a purely scenic standpoint, but not inspiring to one who had been living in the midst of it for two months and faced three more before seeing civilization again.

"Happy New Year," said Al Stuart, looking up from his drawing-board, T-square and compass, and scratching his ear with a right triangle.

Hubert favored him with a glare, rose to his feet and administered two kicks, one of which closed the desk drawer, while the other sent the chair beneath the desk.

A few steps took him to a box stove that was glowing and crackling. He clanged open the door, balanced the letters in his hand, as though weighing the justice of his deed, and hurried the packet into the blaze that reached for it.

"Never again," he reiterated, as he directed one more kick and closed the stove.

"Lovely evening," observed Al, as he laid aside the tools and lighted a pipe. "What's all this 'never-againing' I hear? Are you making a New Year's resolution?"

"You've hit it," was Hubert's response, as he borrowed some tobacco and a match from his friend and proceeded to co-operate in the process of smouldering the room.

Pipes make men closer friends and tend to pry open the covers that hide the secrets of their hearts, especially when there is a sorrow connected with the secret and the troubled one feels the need of consolation. Moreover, the two months spent in each other's society had welded a chain of friendship between these two men that was firm, and already they had exchanged some confidences.

"It's an alluring future," said Hubert. "Believe me, when we get this old railroad mapped out—which probably will take about three months more—you can see me shaking the dust—I mean the snow—of the Washington woods from my feet and beating it for—well, I dunno, but I guess I'll make it Hongkong."

"So she turned you down," was Al's comment as he watched a ring of smoke soar ceilingward. "After all these months she has gone back on her! Never once have you looked at another woman. Of course, there haven't been any around to look at, but just the same, you haven't. Well, unbosom yourself."

"There isn't much to it," Hubert told him. "I wrote her, asking if she'd marry me, when I got out of here. I told her if she couldn't accept me she needn't answer at all. Well, it's been a month, and I haven't heard, so that's my answer. And she's had my letter three weeks. It only takes a few days to get mail to St. Paul."

"Sure you mailed it?" inquired Al.

"No question about it. I remember distinctly reading her address on the letter when I dropped it in the box."



Gazed Abstractedly Out of the Window, at the Sheffield post office after walking the necessary two miles for the express purpose of satisfying myself there was no hitch in the proceeding of proposing by mail. I had two letters to mail, the other one being that poem I wrote for the Forest Trail Magazine. I forgot the letter containing the poem and gave it to you to mail the next day. Remember?"

Al gave a slight start at this, opened his mouth to speak, bit his lip and remained silent for a moment.

"And so you swore off?" he finally said. "Why can't you wait until midnight tomorrow, when we can usher in

the new year? And what did you swear off, if I may ask again?"

Hubert borrowed another match and relighted his pipe, on which he had neglected to draw.

"I swore off on ever associating with or writing to any girl any more in my whole life—and I'm going to stick to it," he said firmly.

Al burst out laughing.

"It can't be done," he asserted. "I have five dollars in my pocket that says you'll break that resolution within a week."

"Till take you, I'm against gambling, but this is a sure thing. I tell you 'never again.'"

Hubert retired early and was tossing and tumbling among the blankets, when Al stole softly from the shack and made his way to a shed where the engineers' supplies and surveying implements were stored.

Lighting a lantern he seated himself on a box of groceries, and then cringing somewhat ruefully, produced a letter from a pocket of his coat.

"Can you beat it?" he mused. "I clean forgot to mail that poem, and I never would have thought of it again if he hadn't mentioned it. Wonder if the Forest Trail Magazine suffered for want of it? I guess not, though, for Hub is always sending out such stuff and getting it back. But I wonder—I wonder—"

He looked curiously at the address on the envelope.

"Editorial Department, Forest Trail Magazine, New York," he read. "That's the address all right, but this is rather bulky for a poem."

He brought a claspknife from his trousers and opened it.

"Maybe this isn't just right," he said, "but something tells me all is not as it should be."

He hesitated only a moment, then slit the envelope, disclosing several close-



"Can You Beat It?" He Mused.

ly written sheets of paper, one of which started out with "Dear Jean."

"That's enough," he said, as he blew out the light and left the shed. "I'm not reading my pal's love letters. It's a bad blunder, but my forgetfulness has saved the situation. It would have been a scream if the editor of Forest Trail had received this manuscript. And I wonder how Jean liked the poem."

He walked back toward the shack.

"I'll give it to 'Hub' in the morning," he thought, but after he had gone to bed he got to turning it over in his mind, with the result that early the next day he hiked to Sheffield. Entering the railroad station, which also served as a telegraph office, he busied himself with a yellow blank. After spooling two blanks, he handed one to the operator.

The message he had written was addressed to Jean Penbrook, at a certain address in St. Paul, and it said: "Will you marry me in May? Must know before the new year starts. Don't answer if you refuse. Hubert."

"I'm a meddler as well as a forger," thought Al as he retraced his steps toward camp after loading up with tobacco.

Shortly after the engineers had finished supper a knock sounded on the door and when Hubert opened it a man flourished a telegram in his face. Hubert signed for it, opened it and read while Al got very busy with the T-squares and the compass and the triangles.

Not a word was said about the telegram during the entire evening. Both men busied themselves with their drafting for an hour or two, then got out books and read, waiting for the new year to dawn.

The only timepiece in the shack was an alarm clock, and this had been set to ring out the old year.

Shortly before the hour approached, Hubert seated himself at his desk and became active with writing materials.

Al kept one of his eyes on his book and chuckled softly, while the other surreptitiously watched Hubert.

Presently the clock jangled the midnight hour.

"Happy New Year, Hub," called Al. "How are you starting it?"

Hubert continued scratching with the pen.

"None of your confounded business!" he growled, without looking up.

Al laughed aloud.

"I'll hand you that five tomorrow," announced Hubert, as he started on the eleventh page.

"Never again," mimicked Al. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)